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got for the timber he and his great-grandfather had floated down the river, he had two fine cloths. One was older and was intended for visiting the villages on the way, and the new one was for the Granman's village. For this occasion, too, he was saving a pair of newly woven garters, though he would wear the two strands of small coral and yellow beads in some of the villages on the way. At Lamé, for instance.

Ai-yo! He would see to it that he looked well at Lamé, for Lamé had handsome women, and at Lamé the women knew how to love. His own powerful love obia had come from Lamé, and there it was in his canister and there beside it was a potent fighting obia which his uncle, who was surpassed by few on the river in the strength of his obia spirits, had made for him. Some day, when Bayo was older, he, too, would know all these secrets, for his uncle had given him some of his gods, and at dances he already showed that he had a strong spirit. Until that time came, he had the obia from Lamé to win for him the love of his fellow men, and should it not avail against the magic of some surly fellow who wished him ill, then he had the other which would serve him in trouble. And on his upper arm was his Kromanti obia—the magically potent iron band—which, by tightening, would warn him when trouble was impending. That was the way to go through life—a man asked the gods to help him meet whatever might come, the good spirits with good, and the bad with yet greater evil.

Up above, whirling past him in the pale dawn, the parrots flew, making a screeching chorus in the stillness, and rousing him to the murmur of the next rapids which he was approaching.

What was that? A boat. Going downstream, he was soon alongside it.

"*Tio*, greetings," he called to the man, speaking in the subdued ceremonial voice.

"Thank you, tio," answered the older man, for he addressed a stranger.

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A NIGHT AT S'EI

A girl of ten or eleven led the chorus. She had a string about her waist, and the strip of cloth that was tied about her neck as a ceremonial garment hung down cape fashion. About her navel and on her face the cicatrized patterns had been completed. Her voice was the shrill voice of a child, and the answering chorus was as shrill.

"Chaka, chaka!" called the bassia who was directing the dance. He was demanding those movements which bring into play the muscles of the hips.

The women waited. They had come in all their finery, their tunics of the newest cloth, their coils of brass bracelets and anklets made to gleam by rubbing with sand, their skins dark and glistening with the oil rubbed into them for the ceremonial occasion. Those whose hair was worn in braids had redressed it that day. About their necks were beads. Their cloths were fastened tightly about them, so that their figures showed plainly.

The men, also in their best, waited with them. The iron Kromanti obias on their upper arms fitted tightly, and showed the great muscles above and below them. Those who wore beads had two or three strands of yellow and red intertwined, the small beads worn by men, small almost as okra seeds. One or two wore love obias—cowrie shells sewed on a band of white cotton, and then dipped into water which was thickened with white clay. One or two wore a small black bell-shaped obia—half the size of their thumbs—on a black string, and with swagger had swung it about so that it hung at the back. There were obias below the knee, and obias which were great brass rings for the big toe of the right foot. But one or two of the old men, and the young man who was in training for an obia man, wore a jaguar tooth on a string of native twining.

Drums . . . drums. Would there be drums?

The word was whispered from one to the other, and passed like a wave over the waiting figures.

But there would be no drums. This was the day when two gods might come. The god of the ant hill, for which men and women might dance, and the buzzard god of the men's Kromanti society.

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been shown by the bassia's wife how to clap her hands to the rhythm of the song, and now she could not stop for an instant, though her hands ached.

"*Batu mau*—Clap your hands!" the bassia's wife called to her, the instant her visitor's zeal slackened. She herself was dancing in place, her infant on her back, sound asleep.

"*Chaka*—Shake!" she too began to shout, and once she was so carried away by her hand clapping that she joined the dancers, and danced facing the obia man.

Tall and slender as she was, she crouched opposite the man, her child on her back, and executed the most amazing steps. It was as though every muscle in her body had been set in motion by some invisible dynamo.

An old woman interrupted them. She stepped into the circle, and put her arm about the bassia's wife. "Adoo!" she crooned, and brought her to her feet. Another woman had done the same for the obia man.

Now one of the men who wore both a love obia and a brass ring on his great toe began a song. The melody was only a variant of the one Bayo had sung and the seketi songs we had heard at Gankwe and elsewhere. But here the recitative of the leader was longer. What he sang was not unlike one of our own ballads. He recounted the experiences of a young Saramacca man on the Marowyne River. He had met a Djuka woman, who had taken up with him for his money, and in the end she had exposed him to her people.

Another man sang of a war that white men had with each other. Hard times came to the Saramacca people. There was no work. Then their Granman sent a message to the white elders. The Granman told them people should live in peace together.

The bassia had no need now to spur on the dancers. The small open space was a heaving mass. Nothing seemed immobile. The stars darted, the lights of the small oil lamps held by the bystanders flickered, the very posts which held the thatch of the houses in place and ended some feet

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pieces of red and blue cloth worked with this thread, so that again the white vertebrae showed. Bayo and Angita wore their beads, and each had a garter below the knee of the right leg. Their garters were white in color, but of a whiteness which only new, unwashed cotton has. They were about an inch and a half wide and were so tight that the muscle of the calf bulged prominently. On their upper arms were Kromanti rings of iron which, by contracting, warned the men of impending danger. In addition, Sedefo and Angita wore the bell obia of the Gankwe people, and Bayo his love obia which had come from Lamé.

"When do you go, Sedefo?"

"When the G'aman speaks. When we finish a piece of work, then we do not want to be paid at once. We do not leave at once. It would be as if we had not gone together in pleasure and wanted to be away as soon as possible. With the white man it is one thing. In the bush we do not do it so. Here in the G'aman's village, we do as we do with our own people in the bush," he paused for an instant, and looked about toward the clearing outside the palings. "There is another thing. In the G'aman's village, men cannot leave until the G'aman gives permission. When the G'aman is ready, he will call us. We will speak together. Then we will speak with him again. Then we will ask to go."

Bayo had been looking about the council house with an interest which was not unmixed with awe at the Granman's possessions, and he spoke in whispers.

"Ai, when the G'aman gives permission, then we go."

As he spoke, the cloth over the doorway was gently thrust aside. Bassia Anaisi of the Granman's village entered. He was the man who had fired the saluting gun the day of our arrival and who had at the Granman's call come to serve the visiting chiefs with rum. He now greeted each in turn but did not take down a bench. For a moment he stood there, head lowered out of deference to the character of the place where he was, then he coughed slightly and, turning to us, said, "The G'aman is ready for you. The chiefs are here."

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789 before the new moon comes, and when you do this, you
798 must say,
439

"Obia-o,
Your spirit must stay,
[539] *Your power must not leave this.*
Do not go elsewhere,
Do not become defiled."

789 There was the obia on which Bayo had lavished all the
798 magic he could command so that his friends might be safe in the bush. From the sacred grass known as *s'a*—the same grass from which the woven ceremonial dancing skirts are made here on the river—he made several long lengths of twine. These he wove into a square which later became the pendant of this neck obia. On this, as a base, he sewed two cowries facing each other, and in the middle of the fringed border of this pendant he fastened a bit of a macaw's feather, blue and orange in color.

The twisted cord about the neck had several knots in it where the cord met the pendant. Tying is the symbol of attaching, of binding, so that if an invocation was uttered in the making of these knots, and the twine was then drawn taut, the power was certain to be lodged inside the knots. Then, too, knots form links, and links, whether they be in a metal chain or in fiber or wood, symbolize union, and any object or ornament with links is, therefore, much
[795] valued in bush and in town. A linked chain is a favorite gift to please the akra, the soul, among the coastal Negroes.
● [832] A woman who wishes to attach her man to her will rise at night noiselessly and will knot a hair from the man's head three times, speaking her invocation. In the bush few obias are found which do not have several knots in them.

In his exuberance Bayo placed so many prohibitions on this finely woven obia, that we asked him if he could not nullify some of them.

784 "For very strong obias, we have many tchina. It is best
789 so, because no one who wants to harm you will guess all of them and so succeed in robbing the obia of its power.

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796 centre clearing, no longer caring, no longer entirely con-
535 scious, their bodies driven by the rhythm of the drums.
158 No man has yet danced. Now a young buck of nineteen jumps into the centre and begins the *awasa* dance. His movements simulate the flying of a hawk, arms out like wings, pirouetting gracefully. His bare feet stamp the earth, hard enough, it seems, to break his bones. Another man joins him, waving his arms at full length, like an eagle in flight. They chant in talkee-talkee an *awasa* song:

"Fooru mo luku bon nanga ahga."

[539] It means: The fowl must be careful of the hawk; in other words, the girls must be careful of the men. They circle from the waist like birds soaring into the blue.

796 Now a man begins dancing toward a woman. She re-
832 treats. No dancer has yet touched another, or even noticed another. But this one is making definite love advances to the woman. He mimics coitus. Coyly she evades his approaches, and will have none of his movements. They are not serious. When she definitely refuses his copulatory advances, the drums stop. He takes a drum from one of the men, puts it under his arm, and follows her, dancing around the clearing, beating out a message of love. They weave a pattern of movement, in and out, in this dance of courtship to the lone muttering tambour.

[202] There is a halt. The drummers rap out a message to other canoes coming up the river, telling them to hurry. Soon more strangers arrive for the final round.

2: Kâhn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
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the age of about thirty-five. Another motive for separation is a husband's inadequacy as a hunter, fisher, and provider. Or the woman may simply be bored with him and like some other man better. The husband is liable to be teased a bit by his friends, but after a few days he forgets and marries again.

Open licentiousness or sexual suggestiveness is never seen in public. The personal modesty of the Djukas has already been noted. Exposure of themselves, or public intercourse, such as is common in some tribes in Africa, never occurs. After the dances, for instance, no open promiscuousness occurred. There is one orgiastic dance known as the *ogalusa*, which means "mating like loose hogs."

Two aphrodisiacs are used liberally by the natives. One is prepared by infusing the bark of a bush vine called *debbil dour* with water or weak alcohol. The liquid when drunk is supposed to give an erection of several hours' duration. Some of it was brought back by the expedition and tried on laboratory animals, with no effect. It is well known, however, that witch doctors will substitute other roots or herbs when giving their medicines to white men.

Another aphrodisiac that we found used among the Aucaners is the seed of the mucca-mucca plant, which grows on the banks of most of the rivers of the colonies. The seed is mashed into fragments and then inserted into the urethra. This acts as a tremendous irritant and is supposed to bring about erections of long duration. If used frequently, a persistent and disagreeable type of urethritis is produced.

At the hospital near the mines of the Surinam Bauxite

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832 Company, some ninety miles in the interior, we were informed by the physician in charge that it is not infrequent to have Bush Negro women report for internal disturbances, which upon examination prove to be irritation and small hæmorrhagic areas. The physician believed that this condition was due to the men's practice of using the mucca-mucca seed.

844 During childbirth the mother stays in her own hut. She is often attended by her mother, her female relatives, and friends. In every village there are one or more women who are skilled in the art of midwifery; these women are called *pekein mama*—either "little mother" or "mother of little children." At the time of childbirth, the pekein mama is assisted by four little girls from about ten to twelve years of age. The pekein mama uses a liberal quantity of hot water in the process of delivery. In the event of an abnormal condition, it is the duty of the pekein mama to deliver the child as skilfully as possible. The woman bears the ordeal of childbirth with the usual primitive fortitude, although the pains of labour seem to be as great among these people as among 846 women of more civilized countries. The mother must drink 847 only hot water for three months after the birth of the child.

853 Children are nursed at the breast for a period of three months. They are then fed a little mush made of cassava to which is gradually added rice, a small amount of meat, eggs, and plenty of fruit, but periodical nursing may sometimes continue for as long as two years. The mothers often chew the food before giving it to their babies.

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531 In the combs, paddles, and other pieces of wood carv-
322 ing illustrated in this book, the most casual observer will discern a great beauty of form and design. The sense of line, the feeling for balance, combined with elaborate conception and execution, compare well with the productions of the highly sophisticated artists of our urban civilization. All of the wood carvings, collectively known as *sanni* or *timbeh,* follow certain traditional patterns. The individual motifs, however, are products of the individual imagination, and, judging by the variety and originality of the designs shown herewith, that imagination is evidently quite fertile.

[462] All the carving is done by men. There is a ceremonial significance to this. These wooden pieces are tokens of love.

Love in the jungle is not the etherealized sentiment portrayed by Victorian novelists. When a man and woman
[831] want each other the satisfaction of their desire is easy and immediate. The people are largely promiscuous among themselves. Under such conditions the existence of romantic sentiments is an impossibility.

● 822 Individual preference does, of course, exist, and this im-
322 plies courtship. A man may want a woman who does not
431 want him, and this implies wooing. The wooing consists in presenting the woman with specimens of sanni. Thus, every piece of wood carving is a token of love and affection, presented by a Bush Negro to his woman. The woman who accepts sanni from a suitor accepts his love along with it. The man naturally stores up a quantity of sanni in expecta-

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
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tion of falling in love, and the woman is inordinately proud of her pieces of wood since each one betokens the affection of a male. A great part of the love-life among the Djukas is wrapped up in these carved household implements.

Those unfortunate natives who are not clever at handling a knife must trade fish or game or some other personal possession for sanni produced by a more deft handicraftsman. Almost any Bush Negro can hunt, fish, and care for a wife, but a man's value is enhanced in the eyes of the woman when he can carve artistically. The women appreciate him and the men respect him. Wood carving, therefore, is assiduously cultivated by the Bush Negroes from early childhood.

As sanni is a prized commodity everywhere, exchangeable for female favours, a great deal of time is spent on each individual piece. A single comb may take weeks to carve. The women are very good judges of sanni, and can tell a good piece at a glance. With such a critical audience, the Djuka artist is careful of his skill, and few awkward or ill-formed designs are seen. Boys between the ages of eight and ten years may be proficient carvers, and critical elders preside over their work, ready to point out any minute mistake. The father or uncle who is expert with the knife will train his son or nephew in the same tradition, so that certain families are known for their beautiful work.

This erotic significance of the wood carvings makes them difficult to obtain. The woman who sells one is not parting with a domestic utensil so much as with a treasured memento. Sentimental attachments are bound to appear. As

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number of pieces. The first of these is the snake motif. It takes the form of serpentine coils and twists, fancifully involuted and superimposed. The same general design is also interpreted as a liana motif, referring to the twisted tendrils of the jungle vines, convoluted and snarled. The second most important is the chain motif, an attempt to duplicate the links of iron chains.

The vulva motif is commonly found, and is consciously employed as a love symbol. The natives have no hesitation in interpreting this design as referring to the female genitalia; it is impressed on articles as a symbol of desire. The bill-bird, or toucan, provides another motif that can be recognized on a variety of pieces. Another West African survival is the bone motif, for the human scapula is frequently seen conventionalized on calabash objects. A few of the white man's objects also furnish themes for wood carvings, such as the rifle stock.

Other motifs are entirely without symbolic intention, and represent symmetry and proportion only. The cross-hatch and notch motifs are African in origin, and can be found on West African objects. Other details of execution vary widely, without especial significance. The tines of the combs may be rounded or square. The food paddles may have two handles and one blade, or two blades and one handle. The size of the pieces varies considerably, from small combs a few inches long to the great six-foot canoe paddles. Outside of the vulva and penis motifs there is little erotic symbolism.

A peculiarity of Aucaner wood carvings is the system of

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693 --Vengeance; if someone believes himself to be the
[754] victim of witchcraft, he must under no circumstances engage
[627] in counterwitchcraft or invoke his ancestors against his enemy.
He may ask only for the protection of the Obia. It is Odun who
[784] will avenge him by sooner or later killing the evil-doer.

--Violence in any form whatever. It is regarded as a
[683] particularly serious offense against the laws of Odun to strike
with an armed hand and to make human blood flow (1).

[684]

1. That explains the strictness with which the society of the Refugee Blacks limits the right of punishment granted to the wronged husband, who must strike only with bare fists in front of witnesses, never in the bush nor on the river. Fear of seeing human blood flow explains the reticence of the Boni toward minor surgical operations.

[826]
[952]

[641] --Any attack on personal liberty by material or moral
[586] coercion; in particular, neither a man nor woman may be constrained to remain in a marriage which has ceased to please him; nobody may be forced to reside here or there.

[832] The forms of magic so popular among West Indians, aimed at capturing a person's love, are for this reason rejected by the Refugee Blacks and considered as a form of wisi.

[769] --Any evocation of the spirits of the dead, even to ask
[954] them for protection, other than in the public ceremonies provided for by custom. Thus nobody must go to the cemetery to pray alone on his parents' grave. Whoever would do that would immediately be considered as wisimã.

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789 396 There exist special ɔbia for the building of boats. The opening of the hull in the fire, a delicate operation, sometimes fails. To insure its success everyone possesses a personal recipe inherited from his father or uncle. It does not call by name and directly upon the action of a god; the Boni do not have a clear idea about the origin or the nature of these rites. It is a matter of a maceration of two or three kinds of leaves, generally belonging to the secondary flora which surrounds the villages, and they vary from one man to another. One pours this maceration over the overturned boat before the burning is begun, while saying: "The boat must not split, it must open well."

• 832 [693] The laws of Odun forbid the use of charms aimed at forcing the love of a woman one desires; that would infringe on a person's freedom, therefore wisi. It is very /251/ possible however that certain people go to get charms of this kind from Creole magicians. But they take for granted, on the other hand, the ɔbia believed to permit men who have little success with women to have more in the future.

951 789 There does not seem to be any hierarchy of ɔbia nor is one category of ɔbia believed to be stronger by nature than another; in fact, the Refugee Blacks are seen to go readily to ask one divinity for an ɔbia in order to protect themselves from another. Here is an example:

464 [648] In 1951 the administration had a systematic cleaning of the Petit Inini River begun, in order to rid its course of innumerable pieces of fallen wood which were making the use of motors on boats difficult. A team of Boni were employed in this work under the direction of a Creole foreman. While the [716] [789] work was being done, a Papa gadu "came into the head" of an old woman named M... of the Awara Bakka lo. It revealed that it was opposed to this work, for it lived in exactly this 464 796 place and the noise of the motors bothered it. Upon their return to Boni country, the men charged with this work learned the

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784 756 751 If someone realizes that he has broken his kina, he goes to see, not an ɔbiaman, but the specialist-healer of leprosy and asks him to treat him by way of prevention.

411 832 177 558 Beliefs about guns and hunting. The gun, which entered the everyday life of the Refugee Blacks two centuries ago, has taken an important place in their magic. It is the symbol of virility. A Refugee Black who no longer has a gun is a man humiliated and almost dishonored. As one of them explained to us in begging us to help him replace his old gun eaten by rust: "If you cannot present yourself before the women with a machete, hunting bag on your shoulder, and gun in your hand, you are not a man."

411 754 This idea has been transposed onto the plane of magic and they take for granted that the wisimã can, by putting evil spells on a gun, attack the owner of the weapon in his virility. It is supposed to be enough for someone to put his finger into the barrel of the gun while uttering a formula of vengeance, or even being moved by hate for the owner of the weapon, for this gun to be no longer capable of hitting the mark. So, to avoid these misfortunes, the Boni never part with their guns and never lend them to anyone. If, in spite of these precautions, they 411 789 have the impression that a gun no longer fires so well, they will go to an ɔbiaman to have it washed of maleficent influence. There exist for that purpose several remedies all of which consist of soaking the gun for one to three days in infusions of leaves, which has the unfailing result of making it rust. We have seen a hammerless, latest model gun spoiled thus by an intelligent Boni head boatman, a clever mechanic and usually full of good sense.

224 We have never witnessed among the Boni any individual or collective hunting rites claiming to attract game or to promote meeting it (when, on the contrary, hunting piayes are extremely widespread among the Creoles).